

## **Drunken Debauchery by Luddleston**

**Category:** Dragon Age (Video Games), Dragon Age: Inquisition

**Genre:** Canon-Compliant, Drunk Sex, First Time, M/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dorian Pavus, Iron Bull

**Relationships:** Iron Bull/Dorian Pavus

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2014-12-29

**Updated:** 2014-12-29

**Packaged:** 2022-12-19 11:36:08

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 4,995

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Dorian should start making a list of reasons not to drink with the Chargers. Going back to Bull's room and waking up next to him in the morning may or may not be on it.

Featuring Krem singing horribly, Bull taking innuendos way too literally, and Dorian trying and failing to be snarky when he's way too intoxicated and way too turned on for that.

(Dorian and Bull's first time, based on a conversation between Dorian and the Inquisitor.)

## **Drunken Debauchery**

### **Author's Note:**

So I was like "oh it would be fun to write how Dorian and Iron Bull got together," and then 5,000 words later I was like, "what just happened."

Well. This just happened.

Emily or Emily, if you're reading this, I'm sorry, but it's a thing? Somehow?

Dorian was drunk. Actually, he was more than drunk. He'd passed drunk up a half dozen glasses ago. What was it Krem had called him? Oh, yes. Shitfaced. He was shitfaced.

Rumor had it Dorian was finicky about alcohol, and that was partially true, considering how much he complained about the lack of a wine selection wherever he went. But when he needed to get drunk off his ass, he didn't care what he was pouring down his throat, as long as it burned all the way down and made his head buzz.

The Chargers weren't Dorian's ideal drinking buddies (normally, he preferred to drink alone), but he enjoyed watching them. They were rowdy and loud, singing and spewing profanities. The Iron Bull went along with whatever they did, but Dorian was surprised to note that he didn't instigate much of anything.

That didn't make him any less ridiculous. Bull was just as roaringly drunk as the rest of them, and he had a pretty, busty girl with doe eyes and curly brown hair on his lap. Dorian glowered at her when she wasn't looking. He had no reason to, except that he didn't know her, and he liked drinking with people he didn't know least of all. Not to mention, she made Bull want to show off. He'd proven that he could drink faster, sing louder, and talk dirtier than any of his compatriots, and Dorian was sure he'd be flexing his muscles for her after a few more rounds.

Dorian was quiet, but he couldn't keep himself from giggling as Krem dramatically told the tale of the Chargers' most recent victory, pausing once to sway on his feet and belch loudly. He was a hopelessly giggly drunk.

The Chargers filtered out one by one, some of them returning to their rooms alone, others with someone they'd picked up at the tavern. Dorian was finally left alone when Bull took the girl he'd been flirting with back to his room, leaving Dorian and just a few other people in the building. It was late, but not too late; last call wouldn't be for an hour or so.

"All alone?" a redheaded girl asked, taking the seat next to Dorian.

He smirked, but only because she was totally Bull's type. "Yeah," he said, taking another sip of the drink he was nursing.

"Well, mind if I join you?" She scooted closer.

"Appears you already have," Dorian said, but he didn't tell her no, so she stayed. He wasn't thinking about her, anyway. He was upset that Bull was gone, and he didn't know why. Maybe if he had been a little soberer, he'd have been able to figure out why he was so torn up over Bull shagging some random girl, but he was just on the edge of seeing double.

"I live a few minutes from here," the girl was saying. She might have told him her name, too, but if she had, he wasn't listening.

"That's nice," Dorian mumbled, his head dropping onto his hand. This was what he liked about being drunk. All his muscles were loose and he felt warm down to his toes (which didn't happen very often in such frigid climates).

"Yeah," she said, "so. Want to go back there?" She leaned forward, putting one of her hands on Dorian's thigh.

He blinked. He must have missed something, here. "Oh, um. No. Sorry." He wanted some way to tell her he meant no offense without letting slip that he preferred men, but she was frowning and leaving his side before he could

do so. The bartender looked at him like he was crazy for letting her go. Dorian glared back.

His intention was to go back to his room and pass out, but he was stopped by the wall of Qunari he ran into as soon as he stood up. "Bull?" he asked, glancing up, although it wasn't like there would be another Qunari wandering around.

"Hey, Dorian," Bull said, putting a hand on Dorian's shoulder to steady him. Dorian hadn't noticed he was swaying.

"I thought you were with that girl..."

"Nah. She just asked me to walk her home. Guess she was less likely to get howled at by drunken idiots with me next to her." Bull's hand hadn't left Dorian's shoulder.

"Well, were I a drunken pig, I would be very afraid of you," Dorian said with a grin.

"You say that like you're not one," Bull said, leading Dorian off to the side so that they were no longer having a conversation where everyone could see.

"I'm drunk, just not a pig," Dorian said. "Well then, what did you come back for? Want to walk me back too?"

"Just came to make sure you hadn't passed out and fallen off a barstool," Bull said, and Dorian snorted at the idea of him doing something so ungraceful. Even when he was this drunk, he wasn't going to go making a fool of himself until he was in his own room. Then he'd stumble around and fall asleep with his clothes on.

"I clearly have not," he said.

"Good," Bull said, his voice a barely-audible rumble. "Now, what was that about me walking you home?"

Dorian looked up at him through heavy eyelids. "I wouldn't say no," he said. "But I'd rather walk *you* home."

"Are you trying to tell me you want me to take you back to my room?" Bull asked, wearing his grin like yet another gash.

"Is that not what it sounded like? I thought I was being perfectly clear," Dorian said, tugging Bull out the door.

"Well, excuse me for not understanding Tevinter flirting," Bull said. Dorian started heading the wrong way, and Bull grabbed his elbow. "It's this way, you," he said, and Dorian giggled as he followed Bull back to his quarters.

They stopped in the doorway, Bull taking the time to step out of his boots after nudging the door closed. When he looked up, Dorian was staring at him. His cheeks were flushed from drinking and his eyebrows were pulled together. "What are you staring at me for?" Dorian asked.

"You started it," Bull remarked.

"Well, stop," Dorian said, pushing on his arm. Bull looked down, now staring at Dorian's chest and his arms folded over it instead of his face. Dorian made a little huffing sound, and Bull looked back up. "Don't just stand there."

"What do you want me to do?" Bull asked. "You haven't been very forthcoming with it."

Dorian unfolded his arms and grabbed one of the straps on Bull's harness, pulling him closer. "Kiss me, you ridiculous lummo."

Bull didn't need to be told twice. He grabbed the back of Dorian's head and kissed him none-so-gently, tasting alcohol on Dorian's lips. It was in his mustache too, sticky and sweet, and Bull tilted his head so he could taste more of it. Dorian was grabbing at his shoulders but unable to grip them well, kissing back furiously and digging his nails into Bull's skin. Dorian bit his lips sometimes, and sucked on the scars that crossed them. Bull was

bent forward too far for Dorian to rub against him, but he was aroused despite the lack of friction and how much he'd been drinking.

"Didn't know you had that in you," Bull said when Dorian's lips finally parted from his. They were still close enough that it wouldn't take much for Bull to kiss him again.

"Yeah, well..." Dorian began, looking frustrated when he couldn't think of something snarky to reply with. "Maybe if you'd been paying more attention..." he started again, but stopped.

"I've been playing plenty of attention," Bull said. "I know you want it."

"Oh, shut up. You think that about everyone," Dorian said, glancing around Bull's quarters. He'd been too focused on the man in front of him to look at them before, and he was really starting to disparage the holes in the ceiling. Everything was neat, though, which was more than he'd expected. He leaned against Bull's dresser, arms crossed. "All someone has to do is blink and you think they want you."

"Untrue," Bull replied, unlatching his harness and setting it behind Dorian, then circling around to stand in front of him. "I've caught you staring at me plenty of times. It's not unusual, you know. To want to mess around with the big, bad Qunari."

"I'm not... I don't..." Dorian spluttered. He was a little soberer he had been, but the buzz in his head was still strong and he was lost for words.

"Then what are you doing here? I was under the impression you wanted to spend the night. And no, that didn't come from watching you blink, although you have batted your eyes at me more times than I can count."

Dorian rolled his eyes, starting to regret coming here in the first place. "Oh, suck my dick," he retorted.

"Sure," Bull said, kneeling down and taking Dorian's hips in his hands.

"Wait, what? Really?"

“Yeah, why not?” Bull looked up at Dorian. “Unless you don’t want me to. Tell me to stop, and I will, no questions asked.”

Dorian grabbed the edge of the dresser. The top of it was pressing just above the small of his back. Here was the part where he had to decide what he wanted, and he had to say it out loud. This was the thing he both loved and hated about Bull. He wanted to make sure his partner was getting what they wanted, and he wouldn’t do anything without permission, even if he could tell how badly Dorian wanted him. And Dorian was certain he could, considering he was just above eye-level with the tent in Dorian’s pants.

“Yes, I want you to,” Dorian finally said, not able to look Bull in the eye when he said it. “Just do it, already.”

“Do what?” Bull asked. When Dorian looked at him, he was grinning. It was ridiculous how much he enjoyed this.

“Suck my dick,” Dorian repeated, “now. Do I need to tell you a third time?”

“Nah,” Bull said. “But I’m getting the feeling that’s not all you want. Is it?”

“No,” Dorian said, glowering at him, but it turned out more like a pout.

Bull got to his feet, stepped forward, and Dorian was pinned between the dresser and Bull’s body. “Dorian,” he said, and Dorian shivered and pushed his hips against Bull’s thigh. “Tell me what you want.” Bull’s hands still hadn’t left his hips, and he was guiding Dorian to grind against him.

He’d always had reservations about taking things so far with Bull. Of course, there was the fact that Bull had killed so many of his countrymen, but Dorian felt no particular loyalty to Tevinter. He was more worried about actually *falling* for Bull, little as he liked to admit to himself. But he was drunk and horny and he could feel Bull getting hard against his leg as he rocked them together gently and firmly. All reservations had to be dropped.

“Fuck me,” Dorian finally blurted out, and Bull’s hands tightened.

“Tell me how you want it.”

“I’m starting to think you just like the sound of my voice,” Dorian said.

Bull leaned down to whisper in his ear. “I like it when you’re like this. You’re so sure you want it, but so afraid of falling apart all over me. I’d like it even more if you’d let all the pretense go.”

“A little forward for someone who’s supposed to be a spy, don’t you think?” Dorian tried to keep his voice steady, but having Bull whispering in his ear with that low tone that was almost a snarl made his toes curl. He busied himself with undoing all the straps and catches on his person, letting each piece drop one by one, ignoring where they went. Bull kissed his neck while he did it, which made his fingers twitch and fumble. Bull sucked on his collarbone and left marks, one below his jaw, one on the side of his neck, one on his chest, and as he was sucking on a spot just to the left of his Adam’s apple, Dorian moaned and grabbed one of his horns.

“That’s it,” Bull soothed, dragging both his hands over Dorian’s now-bare torso. He leaned back and caught Dorian’s eyes. Both of them looked wild, pupils blown and hair mussed (in Dorian’s case). Bull’s skin was tinged darker around his cheeks and chest, but he didn’t flush pink and pretty as humans and the like did. It only served to make him look more predatory.

Dorian moved one hand to rub at his back where the edge of the dresser was pressing into him none-too-comfortably. “Bed?” he suggested, and Bull grunted his approval.

“Yes. Now.” He smacked Dorian on the ass as they made their way to his bed (large, sturdy, and not easy to break, as per his requests) and Dorian turned around to glare at him furiously, practically snarling.

“I’m getting you back for that,” he spat, and Bull just put a hand on Dorian’s chest and shoved him backward.

“That’s hot,” Bull said with a grin.

Dorian rolled his eyes. “Take your pants off and get over here,” he said.



“I think you’re a bit mistaken about this,” Bull said, although he did what Dorian requested. “I like things better when I’m the one giving the orders.”

“Oh, I know that,” Dorian said. “That doesn’t stop you from following my direction, it seems.” Bull stood still like he wanted Dorian to stare. And stare he did, wondering whether this was going to make walking difficult the next day. He’d always known Bull was a big guy, but he somehow seemed even more vast when he was completely naked and standing over Dorian. It made the logical part of him think about reconsidering, but the part of his brain that was clouded by alcohol and had been wanting the Bull for weeks besides took over. Dorian didn’t realize he was biting his lip until it hurt.

“You okay?” Bull asked. “You look like you’re about to pop a vein.” Dorian felt the mattress dip as Bull knelt over him.

“Fine,” he gritted out in response, but he was still holding his breath. He finally exhaled when Bull ran one huge hand down his chest and stomach.

“Relax,” Bull urged him, bending down to kiss him again, slower this time, but not without fervor. It was impossible to follow his orders, and Dorian squirmed under his touch, dragging one leg up to wrap around Bull’s waist. He was pretty certain that even if he spread them as wide as he could, his legs wouldn’t encircle Bull’s hips. But he was still going to try it.

Bull didn’t lean his full weight on Dorian, but it was enough that he pressed the smaller man down, and Dorian was surprised to find that he didn’t mind being trapped. At least not when he was being hotly and thoroughly kissed.

When Bull leaned back and grinned at him, Dorian didn’t even try to keep from gripping his arms, refusing to let him go. “You’re not naked,” Bull observed. “Let’s fix that.”

“Gladly,” Dorian said, and moved to tug his pants off, but Bull grabbed his wrist and shoved his hand away. Dorian leaned up on his elbows and watched as Bull undid them himself, slowly, watching his face all the while. He finally got them off, and Dorian was about to roll his eyes and make some comment about hurrying the fuck up, Bull rubbed him through his

boxers and he made a sound that was *definitely not* a yelp. Bull seemed to think it was hilarious, laughing so hard he had to press his mouth against Dorian's thigh to stifle his chuckling.

"You're so fucking cute," Bull sighed. It was sweet, until he tugged Dorian's underwear down and fixed him with a hot stare. "I'm going to make you scream." Dorian had been with enough men to know that dirty talk didn't often live up to the reality, but he was sure that this time, the words were not an idle threat, and it left him shaking.

Bull finally touched him, and paused like he was going to ask what he wanted again, but as soon as Dorian moaned and his head dropped back, Bull kept going. His thick fingers didn't allow for finesse, but he made up for it with pressure and with heat. He lifted Dorian's legs up so that they fit over his horns and leaned down to follow Dorian's sarcastic, joking order. Bull fit Dorian's cock into his mouth so easily it was ridiculous, and Dorian resolved never to make a snide comment about his big mouth again.

It was like someone told Bull exactly how Dorian wanted it (either that, or the alcohol was making this encounter seem much more pleasant than it was). Bull sucked him off gently, steadily, like a slow tease that was just meant to loosen his muscles and make him giggle and purr. In contrast, Bull's hands grasped roughly at his sides, his hips, his thighs, no doubt leaving bruises. Dorian had long since slipped backward, no longer propping himself upward because the sight of Bull staring up at him while he expertly worked at him would have been too much. Dorian's thighs were starting to burn from being hoisted up over those horns, but the very idea of the position was too much of a turn-on for him to move them.

He briefly wondered if Bull did this to everyone he set his mouth on. He liked to imagine that it wasn't so, that Dorian was the only one who had been spread open like this under him, but it was unlikely.

Dorian's breathing grew heavier and he threw one of his arms over his eyes, partially to wipe away the sweat that was collecting on his brow and partially because he was so used to covering his face during sex. Bull pulled away from his cock and kissed the inside of his thigh then, his beard scratching and his teeth just barely scraping against Dorian's soft skin.

“Why’d you stop?” Dorian asked. His voice was lazy and slurred, not the sharp quip it usually was. He didn’t know whether it was the alcohol or the arousal.

Bull shoved Dorian’s legs off his horns and pressed a noisy, close-mouthed kiss to the side of his knee. “Don’t want this to be over too soon,” he said, and Dorian finally saw some sign that Bull was less than composed. His voice had dropped to the lowest part of its register, his words all cut up by breaths that were close to being grunts, and Dorian wanted to hear it always.

But first, he wanted Bull to touch him already, and he grabbed one of those horns, but Bull was quick to snatch his hands away. He took both of Dorian’s wrists in one hand and pinned them above his head, kicking one of his legs over Dorian’s side to pin him successfully to the bed. Dorian squirmed and tried to get away even though there was nowhere else he wanted to be, and found himself trapped.

“You look so good like this,” Bull said, licking his lips. “You’re always trying to be so neat, so witty and unbreakable. But now you’re all messy and hard for me. You want it so. *Bad.*”

Dorian could reply with nothing other than a long stream of, “yes, yes, yes, yes.”

Bull squeezed his ass and reached with one hand to tug open a drawer on his nightstand. Of course Bull was the kind of person who would keep his lube on hand. Dorian would badger him about it later, but right now, he was just glad that searching for it wasn’t going to slow them down. “Fuckin’ beautiful,” Bull mumbled, kissing over the marks he’d left across Dorian’s chest and up his neck.

“Compliments will get you nowhere,” Dorian breathed. Only he could chide like he was trying to make someone orgasm.

Bull chuckled low and his chest rumbled against Dorian’s as he bent to leave a lingering kiss on his lips. He was good at multi-tasking, his hands working to spread the thick oils over his fingers while his tongue traced

patterns on the roof of Dorian's mouth. "Compliments got me somewhere," he said as he pressed one finger slowly into Dorian.

"Ah! Well. That wasn't all compliments," Dorian said, pausing to breathe out through his nose. He was used to this, but it had certainly been a while. Bull knew what he was doing, though, and he watched Dorian's face while he fingered him, looking for any sign of pain. Sure, he liked pain, but not where it was going to cause trouble later

"Then what was it?"

Dorian took a while to answer, because Bull added another finger and he turned his head into the pillow and wailed, his voice still muffled when he said, "your dashing good looks, of course."

"I honestly can't tell if you're kidding." It was partially because he couldn't see Dorian's face, that is, until he sat back and used the hand that wasn't working him open to turn his head forward again.

Dorian kicked him in the thigh. "You don't have to keep doing this for so long," he said.

"I like how pretty it makes you blush."

That just made him blush harder, until he shook his head. "Cut it out and fuck me already."

"Nah. Teasing you is so much more fun."

He moaned, but this time it was in exasperation. "Bull, please. Is that it? Do you get off on begging?"

"Uh... yes, but that's beside the point," Bull said, adding a third finger and flicking his wrist, which made Dorian groan and grab the sheets. "Drunk or not, you must have figured out that I'm bigger than you're used to."

"Oh, you're doing this out of... what, kindness?" Dorian spat. He shoved himself upward onto his elbows again, like he was determined to sit up,

knock Bull over, and ride the hell out of him, but Bull pushed him back down with a palm on his chest.

“Doin’ it out of me not wanting you to be a mouthy little shit and complain about how it hurts.” He looked away from Dorian when he said it, though.

“Promise I won’t be,” Dorian said, trying to put on his most innocent face. Well. He’d be a mouthy shit, but he wouldn’t complain.

Bull bent down so his mouth was next to Dorian’s ear again. “Shh. Just wait a few more minutes and I’ll give you what you want,” he whispered. Dorian didn’t seem particularly upset when Bull rubbed him just right, his thumb coming up to press against the base of his cock as he did. He gave another shaky moan that was surrounded by curses in Tevene. Bull chuckled again. “So impatient.”

”*Fuck*,” Dorian moaned, and then corrected himself after a few gasping breaths. “Fuck you.”

“It’s actually the other way around,” Bull reminded him, watching the muscles in Dorian’s neck contract and relax as he swallowed whatever noise he was making. “You know you can be as loud as you want, right?” Bull said. “It’s not like anyone’s going to be surprised to hear sex noises from my room.”

Dorian didn’t respond, just found the bottle of lube and tossed it at Bull. It hit his chest and bounced off, landing somewhere on the sheets to the left of his knee. “You’re right, I’m impatient,” he said, before Bull could comment. “Now please, *please* just fuck me already.”

He was so desperate that Bull didn’t want to stop touching him, wanted to keep making him moan and cry out until he was kicking at the sheets, grabbing the headboard, throwing pillows at him, burning (possibly literally) fury into every corner of the room. He wanted to get Dorian back for all the lingering gazes that got more and more intense the drunker he got, for all the touches he’d retracted as soon as he realized what he was doing. But Bull was not without mercy (nor did he have the self-control to keep from wanting to put his cock *somewhere*) and Dorian’s face, flushed,

sweating, and completely open for once in his damn life, drew that side out of him.

As soon as Bull entered him, Dorian let out the most relieved, contented moan, unable to keep himself from mumbling, "Maker, you're amazing." He regretted immediately brushing Bull off as not his type, because had someone told him that Bull's sexual prowess lived up to every rumor, every remark, everything he bragged about, he would have gotten drunk and in Bull's bed sooner.

He felt the stretch more than he thought he would, and his hips were burning in protest when Bull leaned over him to kiss him again, hotter and harder than ever before. It was all Dorian could do to keep up, to not simply be swept off in the motion of Bull's hips and the rough press of him all over. Bull eventually leaned back and held Dorian's hips in his hands, just watching him as he lost what little composure he had left.

Dorian had never felt so raw, so naked in front of someone. He normally preferred to face away from his sexual partners, but that hadn't been an option when Bull laid him out like this, ordered him to stop covering his face. Dorian wanted to reach for him, grab his face, his horns, his shoulders, anything, but he'd have to curl upward to do it and his muscles didn't want to do anything other than take each measured thrust and respond in kind until he was shaking, gasping, screaming until his throat grew ragged.

"That's it, that's good, yeah," Bull encouraged him, sounding just as far gone as Dorian felt. It was odd to have someone praise him during sex, but Bull kept doing it, telling him how good he felt, how bad he'd wanted him for so long, how pretty he was when he cried out Bull's name.

Eventually, Bull found an angle that worked so well for both of them that the room filled with obscenities in Tevene and Qunlat. In the back of Dorian's mind, he might have realized that anyone walking past would know it was him from the Tevene curses, but he couldn't find it in him to care.

It surprised Dorian when Bull came, bending his head low and biting into Dorian's shoulder without any kind of warning or pretense. Dorian thought

he would be first, but apparently Bull was closer than he let on. There was a pause as Bull breathed heavily, pulling out of Dorian and lowering himself so he was propped up on one elbow. His head was so close to Dorian's crotch that Dorian thought he was going to finish things the way they started, so to speak, but Bull just kissed the inside of his thigh and moved to stroke his dick with the hand that wasn't currently tracing circles on his side.

"That felt so good," Bull said, still leaning his cheek against Dorian's thigh. "Been wanting to do that so long. Dorian. Come for me."

The way he said his name made Dorian flinch so hard he accidentally kicked Bull in the side. Bull grunted and then shifted Dorian into his lap, holding him tight as he continued to whisper in his ear, one hand reaching around to touch him, fingers moving in the same rhythm he'd been using to fuck him minutes before. Dorian continued to curse into his shoulder, cursing Bull for being so strangely attractive, himself for being so weak to Bull's charms, and finally cursing the way Bull pulled him into his arms and kissed him all over his face as he came, murmuring, "yes, Dorian, you look so good, Dorian, come for me, just like that."

It was an embarrassing position, Dorian supposed, lying in the arms of a great, hulking Qunari, his people's worst enemy, completely naked and so overcome he didn't think he'd be able to stand up and sneak out the door like he normally did after one-night-stands. Because that's all this was, right? The bite mark on his shoulder would last more than a night, but the soft look Bull was giving him certainly wouldn't. Come morning, they would be back to bickering so much that the Inquisitor had to physically remove them from each other.

He took a moment to enjoy where he was. That moment soon turned into Bull quickly and efficiently cleaning them off, then tugging Dorian under the blankets with him, curling an arm around him until they both dozed off.

Dorian had never woken up in bed with someone else. His head was pounding and the light streaming through the holes in Bull's roof were aggravating his hangover further. Bull was still asleep, and snoring. Dorian had no idea how that hadn't woken him up over and over at night. He rolled

out of bed, pausing at the edge to take a few deep breaths and shove down the nausea that was clawing at him. It was both a result of him drinking and disgust at what he'd done. He shook his head. It was nothing. Just a drunken night of fun, all fueled by alcohol and lust and not likely to happen again.

He found his clothes all mixed in with Bull's, dirty and rumpled from being left on the floor all night. They would do to make the walk of shame back to his own quarters, though.

As he left, he glanced over at Bull, who had stopped snoring. He didn't look like he was awake.

It was better this way.